

# ST. LOUIS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

PUBLISHED BY A COMMITTEE

OF MINISTERS, FOR THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

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WHOLE NUMBER 320.

VOLUME VII, NO. 8.

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1857.

## Why am I not a Christian?

1. Is it because I am afraid of ridicule, and of what others may say of me?  
"Whoever shall be ashamed of me, and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed."

2. Is it because of the inconsistencies of professing Christians?  
"Every man shall give an account of himself to God."

3. Is it because I am not willing to give up all for Christ?

"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

4. Is it because I am afraid that I shall not be accepted?

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."

5. Is it because I am too great a sinner?  
"The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

6. Is it because I am afraid that I shall not "hold out?"

"He that hath begun a good work in you, will perform it until the day of Christ Jesus."

7. Is it because I am thinking that I will do as well as I can, and that God ought to be satisfied with that?

"Whoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all."

8. Is it because I am postponing the matter without any definite reason?

"Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."—*American Presbyterian.*

## The First Step.

I believe there are many persons who have real desires for salvation, but know not what steps to take, or where to begin. Their consciences are awakened—their feelings are excited—their understandings are enlightened. They would like to alter and become true Christians; but they do not know what should be their first step.

If this be the state of your soul, let me offer you some advice. I will show you where to begin. I will tell you what step to take, and may take this very day.

In every journey there must be a first step—There must be change from sitting still to moving forward. The journeyings of Israel from Egypt to Canaan were long and wearisome. Forty years passed away before they crossed Jordan. Yet there were some who moved first, when they marched from Ramesses to Succoth. When does a man really take his first step in coming out from sin and the world? He does it in the day when he first prays with his heart.

In every building the first stone must be laid, and the first blow must be struck. The ark was one hundred and twenty years in building. Yet there was a day when Noah laid his ax to the first tree he cut down to form it. The temple of Solomon was a glorious building; but there was a day when the first huge stone was laid at the foot of Mount Moriah. When does the building of the Spirit really begin to appear in a man's heart? It begins, so far as we can judge, when he first prays out his heart to God in prayer.

If you desire salvation, and want to know what to do, I advise you to go this very day to the Lord Jesus Christ, in the first private place you can find, and entreat him in prayer to save your soul.

Tell him that you have heard that he receives sinners, and has said, "He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Tell him you put yourself wholly and entirely in his hands; that you feel vile and helpless, and hopeless in yourself, and that except he saves you, you have no hope to be saved at all. Beseech him to pardon you and wash you in his own blood. Beseech him to deliver you from the guilt, the power, and the consequences of sin. Beseech him to give you a new heart, and plant the Holy Spirit in your soul. Beseech him to give you grace and faith, and will, and power to be his disciple and servant from this day forward. Oh, go this very day and tell these things to the Lord Jesus Christ, if you are really in earnest about your soul.

Tell him in your own way and in your own words. If your doctor came to see you when you were sick, you could tell him where you felt pain. If your soul feels its disease, indeed you can surely find something to tell Christ.

Doubt not his willingness to save you, because you are a sinner. It is Christ's office to save sinners. He says himself, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."—*Luke v. 32.*

Wait not because you feel unworthy. Wait for nothing. Wait for nobody. Waiting comes from the devil. Just as you are go to Christ. The worse you are, the more need you have to apply to him. You will never mend yourself by staying away.

Fear not because your prayer is stammering, your words feeble, and your language poor. Jesus can understand you. Just as a mother understands the first babblings of her infant, so does the blessed Savior understand sinners.—He can read a sigh, and see a meaning in a groan.

Despair not because you do not get an answer immediately. While you are speaking, Jesus is listening. If he delays an answer, it is only for wise reasons, and to try if you are in earnest. Pray on, and the answer will surely come. Though it tarry, wait for it. It will surely come at last.

Oh, if you have any desire to be saved, remember the advice I have given you. Act upon it honestly and heartily, and you shall be saved.

Do not say you know not how to pray. Prayer is the simplest act in all religion. It is simply speaking to God. It needs neither learning, nor wisdom, nor book knowledge to begin with. It needs nothing but heart and will. The weakest infant can cry when he is hungry. The poorest beggar can hold out his hand for an alms, and does not wait to find fine words. The most ignorant man will find something to say to God, if he has only a mind.

Do not say you have no convenient place to pray in. Any man can find a place private enough, if he is disposed. Our Lord prayed on a mountain, Peter on a house top, Isaac in the field, Nathaniel under the fig-tree, Jonah in the whale's belly. Any place may become a closet, an oratory, and a Bethel, and be to us the presence of God.

Do not say you have no time. There is plenty of time, if men will only employ it. Time may be short, but time is always long enough for prayer. Daniel had all the affairs of a kingdom on his hands, and yet he prayed three times a day. David was ruler over a mighty nation, and yet he says, "Evening and morning and at noon will I pray." (Psalm lv. 17.) When he is really wanted, time can always be found. Salvation is very near you. Do not lose heaven.

en for want of asking God this day, and take the first step.—*Reyle.*

## The Lakes of Killarney.

Our readers have often seen in poetry and prose, accounts of this portion of scenery. The following interesting sketch is from the pen of Dr. McClintock, in a letter to the *North Western Christian Advocate*:

The road from Cork to Killarney, by rail, is in every respect a good vestibule to the beautiful scenery of the lake. The first important station on the route is Mallow, a small town, beautifully situated on the banks of the Blackwater, much resorted to by consumptive patients, from its mild climate and mineral springs, which are supposed to be useful in lung diseases. The town is encircled with the estates of noblemen and gentlemen, and the hills on the Blackwater present the appearance of very high cultivation. The view from the railway-bridge which crosses the stream is exquisite; the town is like a picture set in a beautiful frame-work of verdure, the valley and the hills vieing with each other in richness of coloring.

Between Mallow and Killarney, the road winds along the base of the Kerry mountains, which rise in height and in grandeur as you approach the lakes. We reached the town of Killarney at nine in the evening, but there were no attractions there to keep us, and we passed through to the Victoria Hotel, which lies on the bank of the lower lake. The town which gives name to this beautiful region, is a mean, dilapidated place, with a population of nine or ten thousand, crowded into a very narrow space. I walked through it one night and found the streets crowded with idlers, most of the people depending for their support on what they can pick up from visitors to the lakes. Of settled industry in any line of labor there appears to be none. We were accompanied in our lake tour by the Rev. Mr. Higgins, the Methodist preacher stationed at Killarney, and much of the pleasure of our visit, was due to his kind and intelligent guidance. His flock is very small, as the population of Killarney are chiefly Romanists, and they are liable to constant insult from the bigoted and ignorant children of the Pope. As Mr. Higgins, Bishop Simpson and I were walking through one of the wretched lanes of the town, a woman cried to her neighbor across the way, "See the regular saints go by." Indeed, it is not probable that our preachers could labor here at all, but for the protection of the excellent police system, which covers all Ireland.

The Lakes of Killarney are three in number—the Upper, the Middle, and the Lower lake. The best way to view them is to begin with the Upper lake, and to descend in your boat through the Middle and the Lower; but as our hotel lay on the banks of the Lower lake, it was necessary to take a land journey of some ten miles before taking the boats. Early on the morning of the 30th of June, we set out in a jaunting car for the Gap of Dunloe, a fine and much celebrated mountain pass, at the head of the Upper lake. At a short distance from the hotel, lie the ruins of Aghadoe, consisting of a remnant of a Round Tower, and the fragments of an old Cathedral church—remains of what, a thousand years ago, was doubtless an ecclesiastical establishment of great wealth and grandeur. Aghadoe still gives name to a bishopric, both in the Roman Catholic and in the Episcopal Church of Ireland. A drive of an hour and a half through a very wild country, brings you to the entrance of the Pass of Dunloe, near which stands Dunloe Castle, formerly a stronghold of the O'Sullivan, leveled to the ground during the wars of the Commonwealth, but recently rebuilt. The Gap itself is a very narrow and rugged ravine, about three miles long, and abounding in scenes of wild beauty and a sort of gloomy grandeur. On the left is the Purple Mountain, 2,700 feet high, and on the right, the peaks called Margillicky Reeks, which are over three thousand feet high. The popular tradition is, that this vast cleft was produced "by a stroke of the sword of one of the giants of old, which divided the mountain into two parts, and left them apart forever." The mountain sides are now precipitous, the sloping and covered with broken masses of rock, around which has gathered a growth of ivy, briars, and wild flowers. A stream brawls through the middle of the ravine, widening here and there into small but deep lakes, into whose dark waters the impending rocks are finely imaged. By the banks of one of them you hear the first of the famous "echoes" of Killarney, which are not the least of its wonders. If you are successful in choosing your guide as we were, you will have in him an expert bugler, and he will not fail at any proper point to awaken the voices of the mountains, and when the tones of his bugle and the last re-echoing of them from the hills have died away, men stationed at the center of the echo will fire cannon after cannon, and the gorges of the mountain will send the sounds back multiplied as into the thunder of a battle-field.

The sky had been lowering all the morning, and when we were about two-thirds through the Pass of Dunloe, the rain began to fall. Still there was so much beauty about us, that we lingered in our work, until at length such a tempest gathered about us, as would have done credit to the tropics. The windows of heaven seemed to be opened to their widest; and, in the further walk of three miles before reaching Lord Brandon's cottage, at the head of the Upper lake, we got so thoroughly drenched as if we had been ducked in the lake itself. The ladies were on ponies, and it was a sight to see them galloping down the Pass through a pouring rain; a more bedraggled party than we were at the end of the rain could hardly be seen this side of the Rocky Mountains. Our guides comforted us with the assurance that "Killarney rains never hurt any one," and so it proved, for though we were in our wet clothes, in open boats, for some six or eight hours, none of us were a bit the worse for it.

At one o'clock we got into the boats, and made the circuit of the Upper lake. I dare not attempt a description of its unspeakable beauty. The mountains lie so near about the lake, that their shadows in the water are deep and strong; beautiful islands, crowned with the arbutus, which here grows to great size and in vast profusion, seem to stop your way on every side.—The boatmen have a legend for every island, and for every rock and headland on the shore.

We passed from the Upper lake by the "Long Range," a circuitous channel, some miles in extent, affording a charming variety of scenery, the soft beauty of which contrasts finely with the rugged magnificence of that which we had just left. Half way down the range is a tall cliff called the "Eagle's Nest,"—so called because it has been for centuries the home of the king of birds. It is celebrated for its echo, and though our expectations had been raised to the highest point by Mr. Hall, who calls it "the most perfect, glorious and exciting of the Killarney echoes," we were not in the least disappointed. The notes of the bugle were brought back to us, first from the nearer hills, with marvelous distinctness, and just as we were beginning to

breathe again, as the faint sounds died away, the guide cried, "Hush!" and sure enough, it came again, from afar, sweet and clear, growing louder and then dying away, as if our message had been sent back by dwellers in the clouds. It is said that twenty distinct reverberations may be counted under the most favorable circumstances.

But if I were to dwell upon all the beautiful things enjoyed in the two days we spent in this realm of enchantment, I should write a book instead of a letter. Our boatmen brought us through the Lower lake, and landed us at Glenties, Innisfallen and Muckross Abbey, but I cannot stop to attempt a description in detail. Each of these spots has its history, and as if this were not enough, tradition has peopled the lakes with imaginary personages. The O'Donoghue of Ross, formerly lord of the whole country, is the center of all these stories, and his mark is everywhere. Ask your guide, "What is that tall rock?" "Och! yer honor, that is O'Donoghue's prison; he used to put any evil one on the bare top of it with bread and water, till he came to his penitence." A singular ledge of rocks, lying in strata something like a pile of books, attracts your eye. "Oh, sir, when the O'Donoghues leaped out of the windy of Ross Cattle, his enchanted books flew after him, and there they are, turned into stone; but every seven years he comes to read them." There are other legends as well. In the Lower lake I asked the name of a little rocky island: "That, yer honor, is Darby's garden; he asked Lord Kenmare for leave to cut wattles out of the trees at Innisfallen. 'As many as you can between eleven and one at night,' said his lordship. So Darby began to cut at eleven at night, but as he touched the first bark of the sacred tree, he was carried off in a whirlwind, and thrown, a bag of bones, on that bare rock, and it is called Darby's Garden to this day." A most amusing race are these Killarney boatmen; full of wit, humor, legendary lore, and song, and quite ready to pour out any of them when you will listen to them.

THE PURSUIT OF WEALTH.—*Fifteen Years in Hell.*—As with a stamp of the foot he dashed on the table the pen which had made him a bankrupt and beggar, was the exclamation of a gentleman of sixty, who had been born and reared in luxury and wealth. This excellent man in the course of business had become involved, but was hoping and striving, as honorable men do, to "work out of his embarrassments;" and for all that long time, he did work, and worked hard—allowed himself no indulgences, sacrificed his large property freely, whenever necessary to meet "engagements." But all would not do, and he closed the strife by saying, "I am old and poor and have no home."

Not long ago, a gentleman, who had failed in business, but had subsequently paid all his debts, and was now acting in a capacity which, while it involved no pecuniary responsibility, was sufficient to enable him and his family to live comfortably, said, "I am one of the happiest men in New York, and no amount of money could induce me to repeat my former career. I could not do it. The efforts to keep up the name of our firm would now eat out my mind."

Another gentleman, still in active business who lives in his own house, and who is adding to his fortune every year, said with the seriousness of a man who in a moment's retrospection had lived over the strifes of a quarter of a century of business, "Could I have known the day I entered New York, a boy, the cares and anxieties which I have had to encounter, Manhattan Island and all that is upon it would not have presented the slightest inducement to undertake the task."

Within a month a gentleman whose "house" in a single year, cleared six hundred thousand dollars, has been sent to the lunatic asylum, and has since died, at an age, but little beyond that at which men are fairly prepared to live to purpose.

Little does the careless and penniless light-hearted passer-by of the splendid palace of Fifth Avenue, and Union Square, and Fourteenth street, imagine what storms of passion and of fear, what wrecks of heart and hope, what withering of the sweet joys and anticipations of youth, what a drying up of the better and purer feelings of our nature, these stately mansions have sometimes cost their owners.

"What did that house cost?" is not an un-frequent inquiry. "I am ashamed to tell you," or "more than it is worth," is a very common response. The true answer in many instances is, "It has cost me my soul!"

To maintain a good name at the bank, at the exchange, or on the "street," is an idolatry with many New Yorkers; and to that idol, rather than be sacrificed, men will offer heart, conscience, independence, everything. A good name, certainly, can never be overvalued; it is worth more than millions to the man in business, it is as much his duty as his interest to maintain it at any pecuniary cost, at any personal sacrifice; and it is highly creditable to our business community that so honorable a feeling generally prevails.—But the error consists in men placing themselves in positions which present the strongest of all possible temptation to sacrifice independence, and heart, and conscience, in order to maintain their standing in the business world. Beyond all question, the universal error of the age of this country is, "hastening to be rich;" and this neglect brings with it in multitudes which we know of, the premature decay of body and mind together, and in the sweeping ruin carries with it down to death, truth, manliness, heart, conscience, all—confirming the saying, "They that will be rich fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition; which, while some men coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."

And again, "He that hasteth to be rich shall not be innocent." "He that hasteth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him."—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

THE CHEERFUL GIVER.—What a blessed mortal he is! It does the observer good to see the smile that lights up his countenance as he responds to a call of charity. He may be able to give only small amounts to the different benevolent causes, but that little is bestowed with as much relish as a good dinner is eaten. Were he denied the privilege of giving at all, his great heart would be saddened, and his soul would well deprecate living in this world of want and suffering. He smiles never more sweetly than when he listens to some call of charity. A contribution-box leaves him just as it found him, pleasant, except that it relieves him of some of his change or bank bills. Noble man! the collectors all love him. They never fail to call upon him. He is a favorite with mankind in general, and with those who need assistance in particular. His praise is in all the churches, and out of them, too.

On the other hand, some persons give so grudgingly that even a successful appeal is really a painful operation to the applicant. They give

without any relish. They submit to having so much money extorted from them just as they consent to blood-letting or blister-drawing. They appear to dislike to have their purse-strings pulled as much as their teeth. Who loves to ask them for gifts? Nobody. The poor, wretched beggar himself pines a little longer before making an appeal. The collector goes timidly to his door, and lifts his latch with a trembling sensation at his heart. He does not like to meet him; and no wonder! Who loves to squeeze another's heart? Who delights to be the occasion of sad thoughts and reflections even to a stingy soul? Who can enjoy the unpleasant work of wringing reluctant offerings from penurious men? "God loveth a cheerful giver."

## Eleven Reasons for Not Accepting an Invitation to a Fashionable Party.

1st. Because I have no desire to form intimacies with the fashionable world, to which Christians are forbidden to be conformed, and from which they are called to come out and be separate.

2d. Because as a Christian, I ought not and cannot find pleasure in the displays of vanity, and in the frivolous conversation of those whose principal maxim is, "Let us eat, drink and be merry."

3d. Because in such society I might insensibly imbibe the spirit of the world, and which a Christian is commanded not to cherish.

4th. Because it would induce late hours and necessarily lead to the neglect or sleepy performance of family devotions.

5th. Because it would tempt to undue indulgence of appetite at improper hours, and perhaps excite a taste for luxuries that would endanger health, and lead to unnecessary expense.

6th. Because I should find few, if any, Christians there, and these alone would be my cherished associates.

7th. Because it should give offence to Christian brethren, and might become to them an occasion of stumbling.

8th. Because I can spend my time better at many other places.

9th. Because such company and scenes appear inconsistent with taking up the cross and walking in the narrow way.

10th. Because it would encourage and confirm the thoughtless in their sinful alienation from God.

11th. Because I should be very cautious where I am found, especially as I am forewarned, that in such a day and such an hour as I expect not, the Son of Man cometh.

## Importance of Light.

The science of hygiene is becoming somewhat known to the masses. The popular turn which the medical journals of the country have recently taken is largely to this very desirable result; and it is quite likely that this new feature of our medical literature will do vastly more to increase the average length of human life, and reduce the amount of suffering and deformity, than was ever done by all the hard names and scientific airs which formerly characterized it. A late number of the *Scalpel* has a tilt at our over-shaded houses and yards, and dungeon parlors, in which the following pointed remarks occur:

"It was remarked by a late distinguished European surgeon, that during an attendance of forty years upon one of those God-insulting abominations—a convent—situated in a very dark and gloomy precinct of London, no less than three successive corps of inferior officers died off with tubercular consumption! The superiors, whose duties called them abroad continually, lived! And again, four book-keepers in a large city banking house, looking north, and surrounded on all sides with brick walls, died during the same interval, of the same disease! We are now witnessing the revival of a young lady, whose constitution had been seriously impaired by the confinement, bad air, and worse diet, of a Southern convent. The little orphans, as they convulsively run past my window in their rounds of the block once a day, chill my very soul with their corpse-like, lymphatic countenances; they are scrofulous to a child. So are all the children of parents who live in cellars; while most of those in the country, often living on the worst and coarsest food, are healthy and lithe-limbed. What is this dying picture, then, that appeals every moment to the gaze?"

A SINGULAR PRAYER.—Almost a year since, a gentleman of wealth and talent, resident of the State of Rhode Island, was very anxious to become a Christian. Indeed he had been anxious for several years, but had not consecrated himself to God. His experience, trials and difficulties were very much like those of other men who desire eternal life more than they desire to obey God, and be continued in darkness. Finally he opened his mind to the minister of the place, and asked him to pray for him, and consented to pray for himself. That first prayer was peculiar, and as other communities may be troubled with the same difficulty that was prominent before the mind of this man, we will put the prayer on record. He might have been expected to pray for himself first, but he did not. His prayer was: "O Lord, cure this people of the lock-jaw. Here I have been anxious for salvation for years, and no one except Mr. B., (the man who was with him,) has ever said a word to me on the subject of religion. O Lord, cure them of the lock-jaw." A very eccentric, yet a significant prayer. How many people there are who profess to love God and the souls of men, but they have the "lock jaw," their mouths are closed, they are dumb upon the subject which they should converse the most frequently and the most earnestly. The impression which this makes upon the mind of the sinner is that their profession is spurious, that they do not love God, that there is no reality in religion, no necessity for regeneration.—*Morning Star.*

A WORKING CHRISTIAN.—A quarter of a century ago, there was a man in New York, who had what Payson calls "a passion for souls." Although a layman, (a book-keeper,) he felt it alike his duty and his pleasure to labor to bring impenitent sinners to Christ. Two things in particular characterized him. He was a man of prayer. He spent hours every day in the closet; and often when in the crowded street it was evident to them that knew him that he was even then and there wrestling for souls. The other trait was his self-denial for others. He obtained from his employer the use of two half days every week to himself, at a draw-back from his salary of more than a hundred dollars. This time he used in visiting from house to house for religious conversation. Of course, such a man would leave his mark. And he did. His Sunday-school class of twenty-five young ladies all became hopeful converts. And it was a regular thing at each communion season of the Church to which he belonged, to find from one to five applicants for admission brought there through his instrumentality. And indeed, when the sacramental season occurred without there being any such seal of God's blessing upon his labors, he was sadly distressed and disappointed.

ing upon his labors, he was sadly distressed and disappointed.

Were there but one such man now, in every Church of our city, what a blessed result would follow? But why should there not be? Is not every believer bound to toil for the conversion of souls? Should not every disciple, male or female, old or young, make this an especial, nay, prominent object in life?—*Intelligencer.*

## 'Tisn't Worth Saving.

How often do we see this saying acted out in practical life! "'Tisn't worth saving," says the young housekeeper, who is too ignorant or too indolent to take the proper care of what her husband provides, and so very much from the pantry and wardrobe is wasted, and the merchant or mechanic toils on, wondering why he cannot live on his income.

"'Tisn't worth saving," says the fast young man, "only a few cents or dollars! Wouldn't they call me niggardly if I didn't treat, eat oyster suppers, see the shows, smoke as dear cigars as the best of them, and drive as fast a horse?" and thus hundreds and thousands of the hard earned dollars of an industrious, economical father are annually squandered.

"'Tisn't worth saving these few moments of time—what can I learn in them?" and the apprentice "loafs" it away, and grows up to manhood in comparative ignorance. If he would have a book at hand, and improve the few moments he often has while waiting for a meal, or in the morning before the shop is opened, and after the day's work is done, we should have many more learned blacksmiths than we now have. We do not mean that apprentices should have no time for amusement or relaxation; but all this they may have in sufficient quantity, and then get an hour every day for mental culture. This, in one year, would amount to a fraction more than twelve weeks of schooling, reckoning six hours per day, and five days for a week. Will not young men who are obliged to labor think of this, and improve all the little snatches of time? Examine yourself, and add up the amount of your knowledge to-day, begin to-morrow to improve your time, and at the end of a year you will be surprised at the progress you have made.

"'Tisn't worth saving." That idea in the sermon, that thought in the newspaper, that remark from the child; that bit of advice from an old man, that suggestion from a business man—these are all little things. "I'm not going to bother my brain with them; 'I'll do as I please;" "know enough to take care of number one;" and so the fool and fool-strut and swell, brag and blunder, till they both come to one end—infamy! "'Tisn't worth saving," says the heartless flirt, "that young man's good opinion, his regard or love—what care I for that? He is only a poor fellow, dependent on his own exertions for success in the world, and he isn't worth saving. I had just as lief trifle with him as not, especially while I can command the attention of the squire's son; his father is rich, and of course he is worth saving." So the coquette marries the squire's son, and ere long he has learned the saying of his wife: "'Tisn't worth saving." "No, she is faded now, looks old, has grown peevish, and never loved me, only my daddy's money, and she isn't worth saving; and, what's more, I shall take no pains to save her." So the coquette learns too late the meaning of her favorite phrase. We fear many husbands, who pass for good ones, yet live only for self-gratification, have practically adopted this motto in regard to their wives.—Let them beware, lest there come a time when they will not be worth saving.

"'Tisn't worth saving—this ragged, dirty humanity, which is begging, playing and lounging about our streets! What good to support a city missionary among such people? They will be ragged still!" Do not draw too hasty conclusions. God never works in a hurry. Our duty is to sow the seed, to take care of this humanity, and risk the harvest. Those who hold that any class of humanity is not worth saving, are very likely in the end to consider themselves not worth saving; and, judging from the benefit they have been to the world, we should not differ very widely from them in this opinion; yet, to speak seriously, they are worth saving, and would to God they could believe and act accordingly.—*Life Illustrated.*

A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.—We take from a highly interesting letter in the *Boston Courier* the discussion on this topic in the scientific convention at Montreal:

"Professor Wilson, of Toronto, read a paper by Hugo Reid, on 'A Universal Language.'—Professor Reid believed that the time had arrived when the world demands a universal language. He would not propose that any nation should abandon its own language, but that one should be taught in the schools of all countries which should be common to all. The preparation of a new language, though in many respects desirable, would be a hopeless undertaking. The only plan would be to adopt some modern language best adapted to the purpose. The only two from which to choose are the English and French. After a discussion of the claims of each, Mr. Reid's judgment was that the English is most favorable, but that it requires modification and especially changes in spelling, so that the orthography shall correspond with the pronunciation, to make it more easy to be mastered by foreigners. Professor Haldeman, of Philadelphia, observed that somehow every person writing on the subject of a universal language concludes in favor of the vernacular to which he himself is accustomed. He objected to the selection of the English language on the ground of its indefiniteness, and he believed that no system of universal language could be perfected. Dr. McIlvaine maintained that no nation could adopt any language belonging to another without becoming inferior to that nation, and moreover, the proposed modification of the English language would be a serious evil, which should never be incurred. He believed that a universal language would be established only when, in the course of time, one nation should finally predominate over all others. Professor Anderson, of Rochester, regarded all such notions as chimerical. Several other gentlemen urged, in equally strong terms, the impossibility of the project."

The editorial department of *Harper's Magazine*, for August, contains the subjoined pithy paragraphs:

Carrington was a famous infidel speaker in the West, who was the terror of many of the preachers, unable as they were to meet, at a moment's notice, cavils with which he often interrupted them in the midst of their discourses. He met his match, however, in Rev. Mr. Quickly, who had a dash of eccentricity with his native good sense, making him a peculiar as well as instructive preacher. He was speaking of the nature of the immortal soul, when the infidel rose in the crowded house, and said he knew "the Hebrew and the Greek, and the word that is translated soul in the Bible might just as well be rendered wind, or smell, or smelling-bottle, or anything of that sort; and it was all—*to talk about people having a soul in the life, forever.*"

"Well, well," said old Mr. Quickly, let us try how it will read; here is my text:

"What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his smelling-bottle?" The people took the illustration, and a laugh of derision sent the infidel away abashed at his own impertinence and defeat.

NEVER DESPAIR.—I do not think you are fated to be miserable because you are disappointed in your expectation, and baffled in your pursuit. Do not declare that God has forsaken you when your way is hedged about with thorns, or repine sinfully when he calls your dear ones to the land beyond the grave. Keep the holy trust in heaven through every trial; bear adversity with fortitude and look upward in hours of temptations and sufferings. When your locks are white, your eyes dim, and your limbs weary, when your step falter on death's gloomy vale, still retain the freshness and buoyancy of spirit which will shield you from the winter of the heart.

ETERNITY.—Eternity! Stupendous thought! The ever present, unborn, undecaying and undying—the endless chain, compassing the life of God—the golden thread, entwining the distance of the universe.

In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay. Its days will know no darkening—eternal splendor forbids the approach of night. Its fountains will never fail; they are fresh from the eternal throne. Its glories will never wane, for there is the ever-present God.—Its harmonies will never cease; exhaustless love supplies the song.

RICHES NOT NEEDFUL FOR HAPPINESS.—Are you not surprised to find how independent of money, peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed in the humblest home? A cottage will not hold the bulky furniture and sumptuous accommodations of a mansion; but if God be there, a cottage might hold as much happiness as might stock a palace.

ORIGIN OF NEWSPAPERS.—From the first day of the meeting of the Long Parliament, may be dated the beginning of journalism. The earliest English newspaper that has been discovered is a quarto pamphlet of a few leaves, comprehending a summary of parliamentary proceedings for an entire year. It is entitled "The Diurnal Occurrence, or daily proceedings of both Houses in this happy Parliament, from 8th November, 1640, to 3d November, 1641." More than one hundred newspapers, with different titles, appear to have been published between this date and the death of the king, and upward of eighty others between that event and the Restoration. Occasionally papers were issued after the civil war began, limited to local or special occurrences; as, "News from Hull," "Truths from York," "Tidings from Ireland." The more regular newspapers were published weekly at first, then twice or thrice a week. The impatience of the people soon led to the publication of daily papers; and Spalding, the Aberdeen analyst, mentions that in December, 1642, "daily papers came from London, called 'Diurnal Occurrences,' declaring what is done in Parliament." In the Scottish campaign of 1650, the army of Charles and that of Oliver Cromwell each carried its printer along with it to report progress, and, of course, to exaggerate successes. It is from this circumstance that the first introduction of newspapers into Scotland has been attributed to Oliver Cromwell.—*Wade's England's Greatness.*

THE HOME OF TASTE.—How easy it is to be neat; to be clean. How easy to arrange the rooms with the most graceful propriety. How easy to invest our houses with the truest elegance. Elegance resides not with the upholsterer, the draper, it is not put up with the hangings and curtains; it is not in the mosaics, the carpets, the rosewood, the mahogany, the candelabra, or marble ornaments; it exists in the spirit presiding over the apartments of the dwelling. Contentment must always be most graceful; it sends serenity over the scene of its abode, it transforms a waste into a garden. The home lighted by these intimations of a nobler and brighter life, may be wanting in much which the discontented desire, but to its inhabitants it will be a palace, far outstriking the oriental in brilliancy and glory.

AT JESUS' FEET.—The Rev. W. Jay one day attended the dying-bed of a young female, who thus addressed him:

"I have little," said she, "to relate as to my experience. I have been much tried and tempted, but this is my sheet-anchor. He has said, 'He that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.' I know that I come to him, and I expect that he will be as good as his word. Poor and unworthy as I am, he will not trifle with me; it would be beneath his greatness: I am at his feet. As you have often said:—*'Tis joy enough my All in all.*  
At thy dear feet to lie;  
Thou wilt not let me lower fall,  
And none can higher fly."

A PRAYER FOR THE TIMES.—Lord, save me from the selfishness of my own heart and life! Save me from the false doctrines, false authorities, and bigotries of sectarianism! Save me from the ignorance, folly, and iniquity of fashionable religion! Save me from the over-valuation of anything because it is popular! Save me from the under-valuation of anything because it is not popular! Save me from the awfulness of infidelity—from all forms of godlessness and hopelessness! Save me from all social and political corruptions and delusions! Help me to live and die a penitent, faithful, holy, and happy Bible Christian!

GOOD RULES.—Profane swearing is abominable. Vulgar language is disgusting. Loud laughing is impolite. Inquisitiveness is offensive. Tatling is mean. Telling lies is contemptible. Slandering is devilish. Ignorance is disgraceful, and laziness is shameful. Avoid all the above vices and aim at usefulness. This is the road in which to become respectable. Walk in it.—Never be ashamed of honest labor. Never act the hypocrite. Keep good company. Speak the truth at all times. Never be discouraged, but persevere, and mountains will become